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BAP Adoniram Judson
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No. 120.

A CRY FROM BURMAH.

TO THE BAPTISTS OF AMERICA.

CHRISTIAN FRIEND—You are requested to peruse with prayerful attention, the following letter of the Rev. Mr. Judson, Missionary in Burmah, addressed to the Rev. Mr. Grow, of Connecticut. If you are a minister, be entreated to read it without delay to your people; if you are a Sabbath school teacher, read it to your scholars; if you are a parent, read it to your family: let each Christian friend of your acquaintance have an opportunity of reading it. O that every Baptist in America could read it, and feel it.

RANGOON, March 4, 1831.

Rev. and Dear Brother,—Your letter of the 19th July last, is before me, and your fifty dollars is in the hands of Mr. Jones, at Maulmein, who writes me that he is ready to pay it to my order. The sentiments expressed in your letter are cheering and encouraging to my heart. I wish that all Baptist ministers felt so, and would all make such presents, though I should prefer their being made directly to the Board. My gratitude, however, in both cases, is sincere

I can spare time to write a few lines only, having a constant press of missionary work on hand; add to which, that the weather is dreadfully oppressive at this season. Poor Boardman has just died under it, and Mrs. Wade is nearly dead. Brother Wade and myself are now the only men in the mission that can speak and write the language, and we have a population of above ten millions of perishing souls between us. I am persuaded that the only reason why all the dear friends of Jesus in America, do not come forward in the support of missions, is mere want of information, (such information as they would obtain by taking any of the periodical publications.) If they could only see and know half what I do, they would give all their property, and their persons too.

The great annual festival is just past, during which, multitudes come from the remotest parts of the country to worship at the great Shway Dagong Pagoda, in this place, where it is believed that several real

hairs of Gaudama are enshrined. During the festival I have given away nearly 10,000 tracts, giving to none but those who ask. I presume there have been six thousand applications at the house.—Some come two or three months' journey, from the borders of Siam and China,—“Sir, we hear that there is an eternal hell. We are afraid of it. Do give us a writing that will tell us how to escape it.” Others come from the frontiers of Cassay, a hundred miles north of Ava,—“Sir, we have seen a writing that tells us about an eternal God. Are you the man that gives away such writings? If so, pray give us one, for we want to know the truth before we die.” Others come from the interior of the country, where the name of Jesus Christ is a little known,—“Are you Jesus Christ's man? Give us a writing that tells about Jesus Christ.” Brother Bennett works day and night at press; but he is unable to supply us; for the call is great at Maulmein and Tavoy, as well as here, and his types are very poor, and he has no efficient help. The fact is, that we are very weak, and have to complain that hitherto we have not been well supported from home. It is most distressing to find, when we are almost worn out, and are sinking, one after another into the grave, that many of our brethren in Christ at home, are just as hard and immoveable as rocks; just as cold and repulsive as the mountains of ice in the polar seas. But whatever they do, we cannot sit still and see the dear Burmans, flesh and blood like ourselves, and like ourselves possessed of immortal souls, that will shine forever in heaven, or burn forever in hell—we cannot see them go down to perdition without doing our utmost to save them. And thanks be to God, our labors are not in vain. We have three lovely churches, and about two hundred baptized converts, and some are in glory. A spirit of religious inquiry is extensively spreading throughout the country, and the signs of the times indicate that the great renovation of Burmah is drawing near. Oh, if we had about twenty more versed in the language, and means to spread schools, and tracts, and Bibles, to any extent, how happy I should be. But those rocks, and those icy mountains have crushed us down for many years. However, I must not leave my


work to write letters. It is seldom that I write a letter home, except my journal, and that I am obliged to do. I took up my pen merely to acknowledge your kindness, and behold I have scratched out a long letter, which I hope you will excuse, and believe me, in haste, your affectionate brother in Christ, A. JUDSON.

In connexion with this letter, the reader is requested to peruse the following extract from Mr. Judson's Journal, recently published in the American Baptist Magazine.

*"Rangoon, February 28, 1831.—*Let all the rest, (i. e. persons not predisposed to consumption,) feel themselves under greater obligations to listen to the heart-rending, soul-stirring cry, which the varied population of this great country, the Shans, the Karens, the Talings, the Burmese, and Arracanese, are now sending forth from all their towns and villages and hamlets, their mountains, their vallies, and their woods, COME AND SAVE US, FOR WE ARE SINK'NG INTO HELL!"


"March 4. The great annual festival of Shway Dagon is just past, during which, I have distributed nearly 10,000 tracts, *giving to none but those who ask.* Priests and people, from the remotest regions, are alike eager to get our writings. I should have given away double the number, if I could have obtained sufficient supplies. But poor brother Bennett cannot, single-handed, and not yet familiar with Burman printing, answer all the demands which we make upon him, from different quarters. May God forgive all those who desert us in our extremity. May he save them all. But surely, if any sin will lie with crushing weight on the trembling soul, when death draws near, if any sin will clothe the face of the final Judge with an angry frown, withering up the last hope of the condemned in irremediable, everlasting despair, it is the sin of turning a deaf ear to the plaintive cry of ten millions of immortal beings, who by their darkness and misery, cry day and night, *"Come to our rescue, ye bright sons and daughters of America, COME AND SAVE US!"*


BAPTISTS OF AMERICA, WILL YOU LISTEN TO THIS CRY FROM BURMAH? Who of you will pray more for Burmah—who of you will contribute more liberally of your substance—who of you will give your persons—your all to missionary service in that benighted land?

Read again the following passage from Br. Judson's letter. "*If they (the friends of Jesus in America,) could only see and know half what I do, they would give all their property and their persons too.*" Fix this sentence in your memories, and meditate on it one whole day. Here is the sober, deliberate declaration of a man who sees heathenism just as it is. Brother Judson has actually made this sacrifice—he has given all his property, and his person too. In 1827, he paid into the Treasury of the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions \$4000, being the amount which he had received, principally, for the services which he had rendered the British Government, as interpreter, during its recent negotiations with the Burman King. In 1828, he paid into the Treasury \$6000, being the whole of his estate.  WHO WILL DO LIKEWISE?

The Baptist Church in Rochester, N. Y. have adopted the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That we the members of the Baptist church and congregation of Rochester, feeling an ardent desire to promote the glory of our Redeemer, will support under the patronage of the American Baptist Board of Foreign Missions, one Missionary in Burmah; and to this end will make liberal sacrifices, and bring forward our gold, frankincense and myrrh."

 *How many Baptist Churches in America will follow this example, and each support one Missionary in Burmah?*

A Baptist Brother in one of the southern churches says, "I will be one of four, or six, to support, as long as I live, one missionary in Burmah."  *How many of our Baptist Brethren in America, are ready to join, each, with three, or five, or eleven others, to support a Missionary?* We have presented these few examples of liberality, of the many which might be here recorded, if space allowed, to provoke you to love and to good works.

BAPTISTS OF AMERICA! Shall the pleadings of your Missionaries be heard, or shall they not? Shall these poor Burmans who are begging for the bread of life, be supplied with tracts, and bibles, and teachers, or shall they not? Your Missionary brethren are waiting for your answer—Burmah is waiting for your answer—Heaven is waiting for your answer.—You can give but one answer—WE WILL HELP.